

1^t THE
French King's Lamentation,
For the LOSS of his Great GENERAL, the
D U K E
O F
L U X E M B U R G.
P O E M.

7. Jan. 1695.

H A ! what no Luck ; have I my Fortune Run
Quite out of Breath ; what ? *Luxemburg* too gone ?
My Guilded Lillys now begin to Fade,
I find my burning and my Plund'ring Trade,
Are at a stand, must I no further go,
I now may Flutter but no longer Crow.
A stop to my ambition now I see,
Dull is the Sword, whetted by Tyranny.
A while it may destroy, but still at last,
Its blunted Edge will fail and his hopes blast,
That useth it, when a more Active Arm
With Justice comes to give a fierce Allarm.
Brings Combatants, as Equal to the Field,
Whilst Sheltered Nations Fight behind His Shield.
I often Brav'd all Europe when but Weak,
But now one comes who do's in Thunder Speak.
I think a Ladys Chamber safer far,
Than the Grim Face of such a Dangerous War,
Whilst *Luxemburg* by *Conjuration* Drove,
On my Designs, and few against me strove,
My Gold was Currant then to Buy a Town,
And that kept up my Tottering Renown.
My Brother *Turk* was Gull'd then with my Fame,
And *Mahomet* did me his Champion Claim,
To Ruin *Christendom*, and Plant his Name.

But

But now I Stagger, my Great General,
 Tript up by Death, Trips me up in his Fall.
 So when a Mountains Top, Loosned by Rain,
 Unnerv'd, comes Rushing down into a Plain.
 The Shelter'd *Cedar* it finds there, it Crushes,
 And Lays its Top among the Humble Bushes.
 I who Did Boast, I for my Glory Fought,
 By such a Loss, am to my Wits-End brought.
 I Prison'd him once for a Witch 'tis True,
 O're-rul'd by *Miss*, and by my Flatt'ring Crew,
 But now what would I give, it were not done.
 For in his Loss, my Kingdoms Bulwarks's gone.
 Now after great Expence, and Loss of Blood,
 With which I've Crimson'd *Europe* in a Flood.
 I shall be once more Painted Spewing Towns,
 And fear at every *Post-Horn*, Fortunes Frowns.
 Well what must be, must be too late I find,
 I wish in time, I had been far more kind,
 And not my Subjects Ruin long Design'd,
 The Protestants I Banish'd Tortur'd Rack'd,
 The Countreys Ruin'd and the Citys Sack'd.
 The Leagues I Broke, and Injurys I have done,
 Like rapid torrents in my mind now run,
 And Rattle in my Ear, I'm near undone.
 My Wealth is Wasted, and my People Poor,
 I have too long run upon Fortunes Score.
 In vain I strove t'outwind those that Pursue,
 Who feaſt not War, nor Start at Dangers new,
 O I am Sick, my Ague Fit Returns,
 By Fits it Strives, and by Fits it Burns,
 My *Fistulo*, too brings tormenting pain,
 And against Fate I see I strive in vain.
 The loss of *Luxemburg*, my hopes do Blast,
 That totters which I once thought to hold fast.
 And tells me I must honest prove at laſt.
 What I unjustly got must rendred be,
 If any thing I'de ſave or good days ſee.

F I N I S.

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